

## MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY WRITES.

Mr. Editor of the Tribune: "Wid wan av the greatest deloights in me loife Oi tek me pen in hand to drop ye a few lines to let ye know Oi in excellent health, barrin' a bad cold in me head an' an awful toothache, an' Oi hope this will find yees enjoyin' the same blessings."

Oi had a dhrame on Chrusday night which was not all a dhrame, an' it is on me moind that had that Oi must tell ye av it.

Oi dhramed that me an' Moike was kaping av a small store an' Moike died an' went to Heaven, an' av course Moike an' me being wan, as His Holy Riverance tould us, Oi went with him.

There no be a great crowd an' jam before the Heavenly gate loike McGuire's old postoffice on Sundays, so while Oi do be waitin' for Moike to take his turn Oi climbed upon a pile av brick an' stone where they do be repairin' the pearly gates to keep out delegates to the constitutional convention, an' such a foim sight never before me eyes. They wor people there from the four inds av the airth, an' there wor naygurs besoids which wasn't what Oi expected, an' they wor ridin' in a horse an' a carriage, an' a pickin' up gold in the shtreets, an' there wor pigs an' pertatties every where.

Soon Moike's turn kum an' sez St. Peter, a pullin' his beard an' lookin' wiselike over his spectacles, like Harris & Son, the livery stable men: "Whin did ye die an' where from?"

"Me name is Moike O'Shaughnessy an' Oi've been kaping av a small store djust fernist the XX ranch in in th' Osage Reservation, an' Oi died las' night," sez St. Peter.

Me ould men Moike, being a real gentilemaa, an' and a Dmunicat an from the Osage country besoids, would stand for nothin' loike that so he ups wid his shillelah to give St. Peter a crack on the noggin, an' knowin' how by St. Peter wid look whin Moike got through wid him Oi told him to desist, thin St. Peter sez, sez he:

"Oi tek the People's Tribune, an' the Capital, an' Journal, an' Fairfax Chief, an' Foraker Tribune, an' Ray-publikaan, an' Oi rade ivery wan av thim from the tittle in the front to th' Western Newspaper Union's trademark in the back, an' niver wast have Oi seen yez name in the advertiseing columns. Dead min don't advertise so it's yerself as has been dead a long time. Whin yez was born the fir-st toime yez cried it was an advertisement for something to ate. An' on down through loife yez have bragged how yez would settle the tariff, an' the money question, an' the naygurs, an' the furrin policy, while sittin' on the dhry goods box in front av yez store but such advertin' did not impress people wid yez greatness. Printed advertisements is th' blarney stone as catches trade an' if the Midland Valley don't bring papers wid yez ad, the Katy or th' Santa Fe will an' O'll shure see it. The printed Bible is a foine influential advertisement av this summer raysort an' if yez hadn't read it yez would have come no further than Hogarity saloons. Our guests are all brainy advertisers. Te'll wid ye," sez he.

So Moike tuk up his carpet bag fall av his winterclothing an' shartared for the bad place an' av course, Moike an' me being wan, Oi went with him.

Th' road was so long an' the day so hot Oi thought we'd never get there. There wor thorns, an' thistles, an' brambles, an' cactus ivery where, an' antipedes as long as me arm an' tarantulas as big as a tub. The road was that rocky it was twenty times as bad as the Nelogany road in Billy Wells' stage coach. After a long travel we got so close Oi could hear the cussin' an' shwearin' an' smell the foire an' the brimstone an' thin Oi woke up. It was only Moike a shwearin' for he kem nome late from the directors' meetin' an' hung his trousers on the chairfernist the stove an' they caught foire an' dropped on his new boots an' burned them up.

Oi run an' hugged Moike an' sez: "It's glad Oi an' ye'r not dead, Moike" an' he sez, sez he: The devil fly

## Is It Your Own Hair?

Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you'll never be gray.

"I think that Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most wonderful hair-grower that was ever made. I have used it for some time and I can truly say that I am greatly pleased with it. I observe it has been used as a splendid preparation."—MISS V. BROCK, Weyland, Mich.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
SARSAPARILLA PILLS.  
CHERRY PECTORAL.

away wid ye; can't ye see that me breeches an' me boots are ruined." So Oi tould Moike me dhrame an' he sez we better advertise some, so Mr. Editor, put it in yez paper that we have for sale 2 geese, an' tin tuns av hay, an' a coo an' 6 dozen chickens be shure to sign it in big letters, Mr. and Mrs. Moike O'Shaughnessy.

Yours till death,  
BRIDGET O'SHAUGHNESSY.

## The Charming Woman

It is not necessary one of perfect form and features. Many a plain woman who could never serve as an artist's model, possesses those rare qualities that all the world admires: neatness, clear eyes, clean smooth skin and that spirit of cleanliness of step and action that accompany good health. A physical weakness woman is least attractive, not even to herself. Electric Bimors restore weak women, give strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvet skin, beautiful complexion, guaranteed at Woods & Orme Dispensary.

## Gazine Through the Knot Hole in Grandpa's Wooden Leg.

Listen, children, hold your breath and close your eyes I beg, And I will tell you what I saw thro' grandpa's wooden leg. I saw the sun sink in the west, the old sink in the shed, I saw the mill-race in the brook, and cabbage got ahead.

## CHORUS.

'Twas only a little knot-hole that once had been a limb, And grandpa's let me look through it as it never bothered him. When he sat out on the porch I'd sit upon a keg, And many pretty sights I saw thro' grandpa's wooden leg.

—Bacon, in Cincinnati Post.

## All The World

It is a stage, and Ballard's Snow Liniment plays a most prominent part. It has no superior for Rheumatism, stiff joints, cuts, sprains, and all pains. Buy it, try it and you will always use it. Anybody who has used Ballard's Snow Liniment is a living proof of what it does. Buy a trial bottle 25c, and a six-oz. Woods & Orme.

## Because of You.

Sweet have I known the blossoms of the morning, Tenderly tinted to their hearts of dew. But now my flowers have found a fuller fragrance

## Because of you.

Long have I worshiped in my soul's enshrining, High visions of the noble and the true; Now all my aims and all my prayers are purer

## Because of you.

In the long years of silence that shall part us, Dimmed by my tears and darkened to my view, Close shall I hold my memories and my madness

## Because of you.

Whether our lips shall touch or hands shall hunger, Whether our be fed or joys be few, Life will be sweeter and more worth the living

## Because of you.

—Almon Hunsley, Munsey's.

## Why Suffer from Rheumatism?

Do you know that rheumatic pains can be relieved? If you doubt this just try one application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It will make rest and sleep possible, and that certainly means a great deal to anyone afflicted with rheumatism. For sale by Woods & Orme, the leading drug store in Western Kentucky.

## AN HONEST CRAFTER

### A Glimpse Into the Future of Municipal Ownership.

A Thumb Nail Sketch of a "Practical Politician"—The Profile of an All Around "Servant of the People, Who Seen His Opportunities and Took 'Em."

"Honest graft" will reach its highest level when, as predicted by the enthusiasts, the principles of municipal ownership are accepted by New York and the city controls the trolley lines, the electric light and gas works and all the ferries as well as the water-works and the police, the fire and the street departments.

Then such patriots as George Washington Plunkitt, for many years organization leader of the Fifteenth district in New York, will reap rewards of greater magnitude than they have ever been able to gather under the present order of things.

Perhaps you have never heard about Mr. Plunkitt's "honest graft" schemes. He told about them himself in a book published last year, which was introduced by a paragraph indorsing him as a "veteran leader of the organization," signed by its greatest chief.

Plunkitt was sore because there were some objections to graft being made out of the city by men like him, and in the first chapter of his book he uttered a vigorous protest. "Blackpollin' gamblers, saloon keepers, disorderly people, etc.," he admitted to be wrong. That was "dishonest graft."

"But," he added, "there's an honest graft, and I'm an example of how it works. I seen my opportunities and I took 'em."

Mr. Plunkitt's explanation of how he did these things will illuminate the possibilities of future municipal ownership days, if they ever come.

After elucidating the ways he was "tipped off" at various times by members of his party—the party in power—when new bridges, new parks, new streets were to be opened, so that he might invest in real estate likely to rise in price from the improvements contemplated, he adds: "I haven't confined myself to land. Anything that pays is in my line." Then he gives a specific instance:

"Learning that the city was about to repave a certain street and so would have several hundred thousand old paving blocks to sell, he was 'on hand to buy,' and he 'knew just what they were worth.' But a newspaper 'tried to do him' and got some outside men from Brooklyn and New Jersey to bid against him. Mr. Plunkitt's own words tell the story best:

"Was I done? Not much. I went to each of the men and said, 'How many of those 250,000 stones do you want?' One said 20,000, and another wanted 15,000, and another wanted 10,000. I said, 'All right; let me bid for the lot, and I'll give each of you all you want for nothing.'"

"They agreed, of course. Then the auctioneer yelled, 'How much am I bid for these fine pavin' stones?'"

"Two dollars and fifty cents," says I. "Two dollars and fifty cents!" screamed the auctioneer. "Oh, that's a joke. Give me a real bid."

"He found the bid was real enough. My rivals stood silent. I got the lot for \$2.50 and gave them their share. That's how the attempt to do Plunkitt ended, and that's how all such attempts end."

It is hardly necessary, in the light of this authentic statement of "honest graft" workings, to enlarge upon the extended opportunities that would come to the men of the Plunkitt stamp were the dream of municipal ownership to come true. Plunkitt says "most politicians who are accused of robbin' the city get rich the same way" he did.

"They didn't steal a dollar from the city. They just seen their opportunities and took 'em."

While in the legislature Plunkitt introduced the bills that provided for the outlying parks of New York, the Harlem river speedway, the Washington bridge, the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street viaduct, additions to the Museum of Natural History and many other important public improvements. He is now a millionaire. Under the proposed order of things, with city control of everything, he might become a billionaire.

Under municipal ownership of all public utilities in New York—and in most other cities in fact—politicians like Plunkitt, who at different times has been elected state senator, assemblyman, county supervisor and alderman by his fellow citizens, besides serving as police magistrate for one term, and who boasts of his record in filling four public offices in one year and drawing salaries from three of them at the same time, would flourish like a whole grove of green bay trees.

### Go Slow on City Ownership.

Until politics in America is purified far beyond its present condition any large experiment in government ownership may be called a "thief breeder" with much safety. The more authority there is vested in the hands of politicians (with all due deference to our national administrators) the more corruption there will be. It is a short-sighted citizen who would take more business out of private hands and commit it to the tender mercies of the politicians.—Troy Press.

### Another Plant Abandoned.

After many years' trial of its municipal electric lighting plant Alexandria, Va., has finally leased the works to a private corporation for a period of thirty years. The lessee paid \$3,500 for the plant, which had cost the city \$17,000.

## A Mother's Argument.

"The most to be regretted act of my life," says a commander of the navy, "was a letter I wrote to my mother when about seventeen years of age. She always addressed her letters to me as 'my dear boy.' I felt at that time I was a man, or very near it, and wrote saying that her constant addressing me as a 'boy' made me feel displeased. I received in reply a letter full of reproaches and tears. Among other things, she said: 'You might grow to be as big as Goliath, as strong as Samson and as wise as Solomon; you might become ruler of a nation or emperor of many nations, and the world might revere you and fear you, but to your devoted mother you would always appear in memory in your innocent, unpretentious, unself conceited, unpampered babyhood. In those days when I washed and dressed and kissed and worshiped you, you were my idol. Nowadays you are becoming part of a gross world by contact with it, and I cannot bow down to you and worship you, but if there are manhood and maternal love transmitted to you, you will understand that the highest compliment that mother love can pay you is to call you "my dear boy."'"

## Some Old Time Giants.

Cajanus, a Swedish giant who was nine feet high, was on exhibition in London in 1742, and several old handbills still exist which set forth the measurements of this freak of nature. Thirty years later we have Charles Byrne, who was eight feet four inches in height in his stockinged feet. He, however, died young, at the age of twenty-two, from hard drinking. Cotter O'Byrne, another Irish giant, followed a few years later. He was born at Kinsale in 1761 and at the age of fifteen was eight feet high. This by the time he was twenty-three had increased to nine feet four inches, and then he changed his name to O'Brian in order to make people think that he was descended from King Brian Borohme and went on exhibition. At that business he, of course, soon realized a very comfortable fortune and retired, dying at Clifton on Sept. 8, 1804. His will especially provided that his body should be thrown into the sea in order to prevent the surgeons from cutting it up.

## No Rhyme For Tipperary.

A poet once jumped to the conclusion that there was no rhyme to Tipperary and said so, whereupon an indignant Irishman, who chanced also to be a bit of a versifier, pounced upon him and poked fun at him in a lengthy poem, every other line of which rhymed or was supposed to rhyme with the place in question. Thus:

A bard there was in sad quandary To find a rhyme for Tipperary. Long labored he through January, Yet found no rhyme for Tipperary; Told every day in February, But told in vain for Tipperary; Searched Hebrew text and commentary, But searched in vain for Tipperary. And so on through many scores of stanzas, ending up with:

He paced about his aviary, Burnt in despair his dictionary, Blew up sky high his secretary, And then in wrath and anger aware he There was no rhyme for Tipperary.

## Glasses and the Eyes.

Every one knows that in using a field glass it is necessary to adjust it to a proper focus. Suppose that you put one of the tubes at your focus and the other tube at a focus that suited some one else and then you looked through both tubes. You would have a more or less blurred vision, and if you kept on looking the chances are that you would feel giddy and get a headache. Now, the two eyes are supposed to have an equal natural focus, and when by any chance that focus is unequal a headache results. The remedy is a pair of glasses or a single glass to make the eyes equal in power.

## The Danes.

The Danes, or Northmen, first became prominent in European history in 793, when they began to ravage the north coast of France and southern shores of Great Britain. The daring of these hardy seamen was remarkable, for in their small ships they even penetrated the Mediterranean and became terrors to the seaboard population of Italy, Sicily and Greece. The first king of Denmark is said to have been Skjold, 60 B. C.

## All It Needed.

"I made this potato salad for you myself," smiled she. "Isn't it delicious?" "It would be," assented her husband. "If you had put a little more oil and vinegar and pepper and mustard seed and horseradish in the dressing and introduced a sliced egg or two and a few white onions and left half of the potatoes out."

## Tolerance in Japan.

Westerners seem to find it inconceivable how the Japanese can maintain allegiance to different creeds at one and the same time. One broad explanation of this is that we as a nation are tolerant in mind, especially in matters pertaining to religion.—Japan Times of Tokyo.

## The Wrong Jam.

Haskell—What's Bobby crying for? Mrs. Haskell—Oh, the poor boy caught his finger in the pantry door. Haskell—H'm! He evidently didn't get the jam he was looking for that time.—Pick-Me-Up.

## Getting Back at Him.

Hewitt—I got even with the doctor who vaccinated me. Jewett—How did you do it? Hewitt—He ran for office, and I scratched him.

Flattery is telling a man to his face that which was intended only for his tombstone.—Dallas News.

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